

SENATE APPROVES CONSOLIDATION OF TWO STATE PRISONS

Crow Leads Fight to Have
One Institution in Coun-
try District.

BRUMBAUGH SPRINGS SURPRISE

Withdraws All the Tender Reverses Ap-
pointments; Sends Many Nomina-
tions for Approval; Legislature First
Winding Up the Work of the Term.

HAIRSHURG, May 18.—By a vote of 36 to 12 and against the vigorous protest of Senator McNeel and the entire Philadelphia delegation, the Senate finally passed, at midnight, the bill providing for consolidation of the Eastern and Western penitentiaries on the great tract of land in Center county, where the new Western prison is being constructed.

Senator William E. Crow of Fayette, chairman of the House Penitentiary Committee, Senator Joseph H. Thompson of Beaver, and Senator Henry A. Clark of Erie, led the fight in the interest of humanity, economy and efficiency.

Governor Brumbaugh, for the second time this session, started the Senate by sending that body a letter withdrawing all the tender reverses appointments made by former Governor John S. Tener. Several weeks ago the governor withdrew the appointments to the public service commission. His action is unprecedented in the history of the state. The tender appointments number several hundred, including state officials and members of numerous commissions.

Later the governor sent to the Senate the following appointments:

Health commissioner—Samuel G. Dixon of Philadelphia. Mr. Dixon has held this position since the health department was established under the Pennsylvania administration. His term expired March 1, last.

Superintendent of the constabulary—Major John C. Grooms of Philadelphia. Grooms has been at the head of the constabulary since it was organized. He is a recent appointment of Governor Tener.

Moving picture censors—J. Louis Breittinger of Philadelphia, chief censor; Mrs. L. C. Niver, of Charleston, assistant chief censor, and Ellis F. Oberholzer of Philadelphia, secretary of the board. These places are provided under the Dink moving picture law passed by the governor today. Breittinger and Mrs. Niver are present censors. The salaries are fixed at \$3,000, \$2,500 and \$2,100, respectively.

State veterinarian—Dr. Clarence J. Marshall of Philadelphia. He is reappointed, his term having expired several weeks ago.

Treasurer of State College—Henry D. Brown of Williamsport. He takes the place of J. D. Gallery of Pottsville, who resigned several weeks ago.

Member of the Historical Society—A. B. Shon of Erie, former auditor general. He succeeds W. C. Hensel of Lancaster, deceased.

Brigadier general of the National Guard—Charles J. Oberholzer of Northumberland county. William H. Price, Delaware county and Christopher T. O'Neill, Lehigh county.

The Walton bill for the governing of third class cities, prepared by the convention of third class city solicitors was called up in the Senate by Mr. Breittinger, who failed in his endeavor to have it sent to the committee on municipal affairs for amendment. It then passed by a vote of 27 to 12.

The following Senate bills were passed finally by the Senate last night and rushed to the House, as yesterday was the last day bills originating in the upper body could be passed and sent to the lower house with any chance of getting through before final adjournment Thursday.

Applying manufacturing laws to incorporated laundry companies. Creating a commission to consider the advisability of erecting a branch capital in Philadelphia.

Amending the women's employment bill by authorizing the department of labor and industry to subsidize the one day of rest in seven into two half-days.

Joint resolution indemnifying the plank in the last Republican platform for inciting the federal government to seek to obtain recognition of equal rights for the Jews of Russia.

Authorizing the erecting of garages fronting on streets already driveways 10 feet or more in width.

House will on final passage were disposed of by the Senate as follows: Regulating slaughtering and the manufacture of meat products.

Authorizing the use of state armories by veteran soldier associations. Empowering the department of forestry to grant rights of way through state forests.

Authorizing the employment of convicts and prisoners on the public highways.

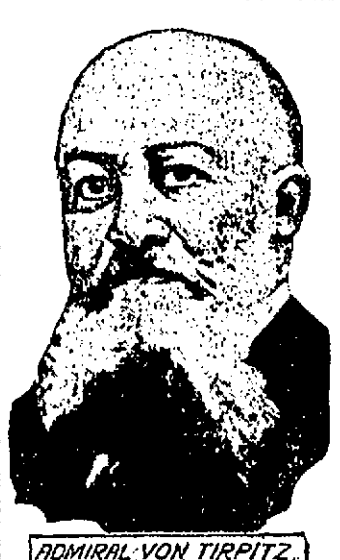
Imposing a tax of 2 1/2 cents a ton on anthracite coal mined, to be divided between the state and the locality where the coal is mined, the state share to be used for road work.

Prescribing the minimum and maximum commissions for the collection of taxes in boroughs and in townships of the second class.

To protect all persons in their equal rights regardless of race, color or creed in places of public accommodations or amusement.

Repealing the act of 1901 providing for the attention of the boundaries of townships and boroughs.

NOW DENIED VON TIRPITZ HAS RESIGNED



ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ.

BERLIN, May 18.—The story that the contract for the St. Joseph Church, a local contractor, the building will be completed and ready for dedication November 1. The old walls will be used with buttresses built at the outside to reinforce the walls. An addition, 20 feet long, will be built to the back and it will be 16 feet higher. Red brick will be used in building. It will be finished in oak. The seating capacity will be 500. There will be a balcony. When the building is completed it will have cost \$15,000.

There was a good funds meeting in the Bank & Trust Building last evening. A number of representatives were present from Scottsdale and Mount Pleasant will be jointly. Ten teams were donated for the day, and two rollers, the township stone crusher will be used. It is not decided just where stone will be obtained. Committees are being appointed and they expect the day to be a successful one.

Andy Kolsch, aged 18, died at his father's home of tuberculosis yesterday. The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon in the Polish Church, Intermorial in the Polish Cemetery.

The members of the Episcopal League of the Methodist Episcopal Church is organizing for a welcome shower for Mrs. William Millward of Scranton, China, who is on her way home and will arrive some time in June in San Francisco. Mrs. Millward left this place four years ago as Miss Fitzgerald and married Rev. William Millward in China. The affair will be a post card shower and they will be mailed to San Francisco.

Rev. Millward has the chair of science at the National University and also gathers specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. They have a year's vacation.

John A. Bowman has been appointed secretary of the army board. He takes the place of H. W. Giles who resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Jones are the proud parents of a son, born at their sister home.

Mr. Joseph Myers is visiting friends in New Jersey.

PERRYOPOLIS, May 18.—Mrs. C. S. Freed of Vanderbilt is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Zimpe.

Mrs. Emma Kate Snyder and Miss Leona Snyder of Gloucester are the guests of relatives here.

Clayton Chisler left yesterday for Mount Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Zimpe are in Connellsville for a few days.

Albert Ache has been quite ill for several weeks.

Mrs. Kate Clark has been quite ill for several weeks.

Mrs. James Guy, who suffered a stroke of paralysis last week, is improving.

A new concrete walk is being laid in front of the First National Bank and Star Supply Company store.

Mrs. George Huff and daughter were Connellsville shoppers Monday.

FOOD PRICES ARE HIGH IN
WAZ ZONE.

There is no shortage of food in France, but prices of most commodities have been raised considerably.

The following table shows the prices at Pont-a-Mousson before the war and now:

	July, 1914.	April, 1915.
Flour, pound.....	\$0.05	\$0.06
Bread, pound.....	.07	.08
Sugar, pound.....	.05	.06
Milk (white), pound.....	.04	.05
Eggs, pound.....	.15	.22
Butter, pound.....	.20	.28
Milk (cream), dozen.....	.20	.28
Eggs (candied), dozen.....	.20	.28
Salad, pound.....	.06	.10
Onions, pound.....	.01	.02
Cheese (Carronbert), a box.....	.12	.17
Lard, pound.....	.20	.25
Coffee, pound.....	.50	.60
Chickory, pound.....	.08	.12
Turnips, pound.....	.01	.04
Carrots, pound.....	.01	.04
Chicklets, pound.....	.14	.18
Beef, pound.....	.14	.20
Pork, pound.....	.10	.14
Lard, pound.....	.10	.14
Butter, pound.....	.20	.28
Milk, pound.....	.02	.03
Pancake, pound.....	.02	.03
Onions, pound.....	.01	.02
Peas, pound.....	.01	.02
Beans, pound.....	.01	.02
Chicklets, pound.....	.14	.18
Beef, pound.....	.14	.20
Pork, pound.....	.10	.14
Lard, pound.....	.10	.14
Butter, pound.....	.20	.28
Milk, pound.....	.02	.03
Pancake, pound.....	.02	.03
Onions, pound.....	.01	.02
Peas, pound.....	.01	.02
Beans, pound.....	.01	.02

Very rare.



Ashamed of her
bad complexion

If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly skin

will probably clear it. Just try Resinol

will probably clear it. Just try Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment regularly for a week and see if they do not make a blessed difference in your complexion.

Sold by all druggists. Prescribed by doctors for 20 years for most skin troubles. Use Resinol Soap for your shampoo, too.

VANDERBILT.

VANDERBILT, May 18.—Ralph and Raymond Wilson, Fred Mundorf, James Bailey, William Brown, Mrs. Hulda Shallenberger and children, Shary Lou and Edgar and Lucy Brown who were received as production at the Methodist Episcopal Church here recently, were honored at St. James Park Sunday afternoon. Rev. Ralph Bell being assisted in the services by Rev. Kildwell of the Christian Church.

Seats now selling for "Calabria," at the Colonial Theatre Thursday and Friday. Reservations at Huston's Drug Store, Connellsville. Phone orders received.—Adv.

J. C. Morgan, of Uniontown, visited J. C. Love Sunday afternoon.

Dunbar township high school baseball team whitewashed the West Newton high school team Saturday afternoon on the former's diamond by a score of 9 to 0. A good crowd was in attendance and music was furnished by the H. C. Frick band of Leidsburg.

Attorney Russell Carr, of Uniontown, visited his father-in-law, J. C. Gyles, of East Liberty Sunday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Donnelly, of Connellsville, spent Sunday with Misses Kettlin and Hess Dunlap.

Mr. and Mrs. George Levan of Wilson, are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Lou Shallenberger.

W. P. Girard, of Waynesburg, is visiting his father-in-law, E. R. Oglewee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conkner, of Connellsville, visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Denny Sunday.

Frank Reed of Brownsville, visited at the home of his brother, A. J. Reed yesterday.

CONFERENCE.

CONFERENCE, May 18.—Mrs. J. W. Chisler, who has been sick for several months, is improved.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Debolt of Charleston have returned from a visit with friends at Watson, Pa.

J. H. Callahan of the Jersey Church was a visitor in town yesterday.

William Brown has returned to his home in Brownsville after having spent a few days with his mother.

Neville Speelman and R. P. Linton of Getz, Md. left yesterday for a week's visit in the West. They will visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition before returning home.

Mrs. Will Bowlin and daughter visited friends here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Wade Martin and daughter, Mr. Martin's mother, all of Connellsville, have returned home after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Baker.

A marriage license was granted to Rev. E. H. Boyer and Mary E. Kuhlman of Urtina, in Pittsburg recently.

L. P. Scott of Connellsville visited his mother here, who has been ill several days.

Mrs. S. L. McMillan of Urtina was shopping in town yesterday.

Charles O. Burnworth of Johnson Chapel was a business visitor in town today.

C. B. Maddox of Fairmont, W. Va., joined his wife and baby here Sunday, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shaw, and spend the day with them.

William Hoggis, Jr. of Winchester, Mass., was a business visitor here yesterday.

BRONCHIAL GOLD

Yields To Delicious Vinol

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Last Fall I was troubled with a very severe bronchial cold, headache, backache, and sick to my stomach. I was so bad I became alarmed and tried several medicines, also a doctor, but did not get any relief. A friend asked me to try Vinol and it brought the relief which I craved, so now I am enjoying perfect health."

W. C. SINGLETON.

We guarantee Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

Langrey Drug Co., druggists, Connellsville, Pa., and at leading drug stores everywhere.

SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD, May 17.—The post-office was moved from the Sutton building, where it had been for the past 16 years to the G. A. Feather Building at the corner of Church and Sixth streets, Saturday. Mr. Feather expended in fitting up this room and equipment for the office several hundred dollars. The room is 38x20 feet inside dimensions and while it is not the largest postoffice room in the county there is none excels it in beauty and convenience of its appointments, both for facilities for handling the mails and the accommodation to the patrons. Little old Sturges and Burdett dream when they built this room for a general store room 32 years ago and kept the post-office in connection with the store, that the time would ever be when the business of the office would require the whole room to transact the business of the office. Then the office paid \$200 or \$250 per year. Now it is a residential office and pay the postmaster a salary of \$1,500 a year, with an additional stipend for clerk hire, equal to what the postmaster received for the store when he was in the store. Nobody wanted it and the position hunted the man, now on each recurring change of administration there is strife waged among half a dozen or more applicants for the position that engaged in some instance suddenly among the applicants, and disrupts the social fabric of the entire community, and while everybody is not always pleased with the selection made by the postmaster, he with their postmaster, Smithfield, is proud of their postoffice and hope it will be many years before it is changed from its present location.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Townsend and children of J. Sturges Creek road visited Mrs. Townsend's mother, Mrs. Hannah Abraham, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morrison of Connellsville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Neil Sunday. While here they had an adopted daughter, 11 months old, baptized. Rev. W. M. Bracken performed the ceremony Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil.

Mrs. Chappeneau of Uniontown spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Abraham.

Ernest Maline and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones of High House Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Spicers of Little Falls, N. Y., who visited their daughter, Mrs. Lewis Hastings a few days, returned to their home Sunday.

Luke Moore of Fairbairn called on relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson's Cross Roads was a business visitor here Saturday.

W. H. Ramsey and family of Oil-phant Furnace attended church here Sunday.

Rev. Watson of Masonstown filled Rev. W. M. Bracken's pulpit here and delivered an able sermon Sunday on the subject of "Wills," in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Gilmore of Connellsville visited her son, J. S. Gilmore and family Saturday.

E. P. Black, in addition to an improvement to an overhead porch, has beautified his church street residence by adding a fresh coat of paint.

H. H. Stocked was a business visitor at Uniontown Saturday.

Mrs. Hinkle of Uniontown was calling on friends here Sunday.

DUNBAR.

DUNBAR, May 18.—Clark Pope left today for Oakland, Md., where he will spend a few weeks visiting relatives.

Seats now selling for "Calabria," at the Colonial Theatre Thursday and Friday. Reservations at Huston's Drug Store, Connellsville. Phone orders received.—Adv.

Go to D. C. Mason for wall paper.—Adv.

J. J. Driscoll of Connellsville, was transporting business here Monday.

Miss Bertha Hays was shopping in Connellsville yesterday.

Mrs. David Grier of Railroad street, is visiting friends at Edenboro.

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Andrew Whitart of Railroad street on Thursday.

Miss Mary Hutter left today for Pittsburg, where she will enter a hospital for training.

John Bauphugh of Broad Ford, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Rev. W. H. Gladden of Connellsville, was here Sunday.

The Dunbar high school commencement will be held Thursday evening, May 27, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The class is composed of the following pupils: Wayne Rankin, Ralph Gibson, Irene Kalms, Hazel Kramer and Margaret Baker.

Marjorie Baker is a Methodist and Wayne Parker will deliver the eulogy. Prof. P. W. Wright of Uniontown will address the class. Rev. W. H. McKiven, pastor of the Baptist Church will deliver the benediction at 7:30 P. M.

Miss Besse McCullough of Uniontown, spent Sunday with relatives at this place.

Read the advertisements today.

FOR SALE.

16 roomed house for sale with bath, gas and heating, about one-half acre ground. Ans. P. O. Box 130, Dunbar, Pa.—Adv.



Experienced Smokers "Roll Their Own"

"Bull" Durham is not the smoke of novices or dabblers in tobacco enjoyment, but of connoisseurs, smokers of experience, whose tastes have been trained to a fine discrimination and appreciation of tobacco quality. These men—and their name is legion—prefer the fresh cigarettes they roll for themselves with mellow, delicious "Bull" Durham tobacco to any other kind. Their expert preference has made it smart, fashionable, correct, to "roll your own" with

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

The delicate, rich, mellow-sweet fragrance of this leaf can only be retained in the bulk of tobacco in the "Bull" Durham sack, and enjoyed in the fresh-rolled cigarette. That is why "Bull" Durham hand made cigarettes have a distinctive, unique, delightful aroma, found in no other cigarettes and in no other tobacco. That's why "Bull" Durham gives experienced smokers throughout the world supreme enjoyment and wholesome satisfaction.

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, free, to any address in U. S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

UNION CITY VICTIM REGAINED HEALTH

Mr. Martinan Finds Good Health After Using Wonderful Remedy.

C. Martinan of 42 Graves street, Union City, Pa., after long suffering from ailments of the stomach and the digestive tract took May's Wonderful Remedy with the most remarkable results.

The suffering of years was ended with the first dose.

Mr. Martinan's experience is told in a letter—written a year after taking the remedy, thus proving the permanent nature of the benefits. He wrote:

"It has been a year since I took your treatment, which I am sure did me a great amount of good. My health at present is good, thanks to your wonderful remedy. I will always recommend it to my friends."

May's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.

Floorshine Cedar Oil Polish

CLEANING POLISHING DUSTLESS DUSTING

A clear, pure polish for furniture, pianos, auto, linoleum and all finished or hard wood floors. But for its mellowing and make of oil or polishing soap.

10¢ to \$1.00 Packages

Anderson-Loucks Hardware Co., Connellsville, Pa.

"TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET

No Puffed-Up, Burning, Tender, Sore Feet—No Corns or Calluses.

"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings restful foot comfort. "TIZ" is magical, grand, wonderful, for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! How comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from any drugstore or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! A whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.

Patronize Those Who Advertise.

The saving man is always regarded as the reliable man. The first step in inviting your savings account and pays liberal interest.—Adv.

BLACK WHITE TAN

10¢ DEALERS

AM SOME POLISH

The 2 in 1 Shine Brings the Smile of Satisfaction! Quick, Brilliant, Lasting, in the "Easy-Opening" Box.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N. Y., HAMILTON, CAN.

SCOTSDALE STREET PAVING BEING PUT ALONG RAPIDLY

Contractor Edwards has All
His Contracts Now
Under Way.

IS SETTING CURBSTONE TO PLACE

Making Big Hubs on West Pittsburgh
Street Extension and Using Street
Roller 100 feet by 100 feet.

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A REAL KIDNEY MEDICINE, ALWAYS RELIABLE

I feel that I ought to tell what I have done for me. I was down and out and had to quit work in 1909. I only weighed 115 pounds. The doctor said I had kidney trouble. In the worst form and my liver was out of order, and I had the uric acid so badly I could not get around. One day I picked up an advance and saw your advertisement and it was exactly what I needed. I got a one-dollar bottle and took it and when it came I felt much better. I took five more bottles of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was a well man. My weight increased until I weigh 215 pounds. I am 5 years old and I am feeling fine and work every day. I have three men who know me when I had to quit work in the mill in 1909, and who will make affidavit to my present health.

If you want to use the above statement as my testimonial, you have my consent.

Yours very truly,

W. T. GILBERT.

Personally appeared before me this day of February, 1915, W. T. Gilbert, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

LOUIS F. H. GILBERT, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 8, 1917.

Letter to Dr. Williams & Co.,

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The Colonial

DAVID HARRIS

If you would see a fine, sweet

American play don't miss William H.

Camp's interpretation of the name

in "David Harris". The name

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Try "GETS-IT," It's Magic for Corns!

KEYSIT, Corn-pain in Every New Use

"GETS-IT" is a "Gee" for Corns

Surely, Quickly!

Now Simple, Common Sense Way

You will never know how really

easy it is to get rid of a corn until

CUT OUT HIS RIBS TO SEW UP HEART

Surgeons' Most Darling Operation Proves Successful.

LUNG COLLAPSE PREVENTED

Patient Is Kept Alive by Electrical Machine, Which Pumps Through Throat Mixture of Air and Ether While Chest Is Opened and Silk Stitches Are Put in Deep Wound.

A remarkable operation, involving the sewing up of a wound in a man's heart, has just been performed successfully at the Beth Israel hospital, New York city.

The injured man, Israel Ziff, came a passenger near the hospital, selling slices of coconut to passersby. He is in the habit of slicing the coconut himself with a knife more than a foot long, whose wide blade tapers down to a sharp point.

Several months ago Ziff, who is forty-eight years old, cut himself badly while cutting up his wares, and his wife and children begged him to give up his occupation and find some other method of earning a living. He tried to do it, but he could not nothing else. His pushcart was well known in the neighborhood, and his business was good, so he continued at it.

Business was brisk on a recent night, and the coconuts were going fast. Every few minutes found Ziff bending over with his knife at work. Presently the thing he had always feared happened—the knife slipped and cut through his left breast, a deep wound.

Pluckily Walks to Hospital.

Ziff knew he was badly hurt, so he straightened up, laid down his knife and started for the Beth Israel hospital, about a block and a half away. How he got there is a mystery to the surgeons, but he did get there. He walked into the office looking as if nothing much was the matter.

Dr. George Levy, who received him, saw that his injuries were serious and notified Dr. Alfred A. Schwartz, the house surgeon. Dr. Schwartz's examination disclosed a wound at least an inch and a half long at the outer surface and going far down in.

Dr. Schwartz sent up Dr. Charles Goodman, the attending surgeon, and told him that he was badly needed at once. Dr. Simon D. Ehrlich, the hospital's anesthetist, also was notified, and Ziff was carried to the operating room. Here Dr. Schwartz packed the wound with gauze and stopped the flow of blood, and everything was made ready to start work when Dr. Goodman arrived.

The operating surgeon arrived in record time, and then began some quick work. The flow of blood had to be stopped in the first place and the patient anesthetized for the operation. But if the chest were cut open to check the hemorrhage the lungs would have collapsed from the air pressure on the outside, so air had to be pumped in until the inflation was sufficient to resist the pressure from without.

This process was combined with the application of the anesthetic by the method known as intratracheal anesthesia. By means of an apparatus operated by electricity, ether was inhaled in a jar with air in the proportion considered advisable, and the resultant mixture forced through a tube far down into the patient's throat. By this means anesthesia was produced and the air within the lungs was raised to double the normal pressure.

Electrical Pump Used.

The electrical machine used is so designed that it allows ether with air in the proper proportions, and supplies it in little gusts through a tube passing through the throat into the lungs, just as if the lungs had taken it in by normal functioning.

With the patient anesthetized and the lungs secured against danger of collapse, Dr. Goodman laid open the chest. The incision was ten inches long. The surgeon cut away three ribs and a piece of the breastbone. He found the chest full of blood, and this had to be drawn off before anything more could be done. When the blood was cleared away Dr. Goodman found that the knife had made a big cut in the pericardium and that the point had

gone down nearly three-eighths of an inch into the heart.

The most ticklish part of the operation followed—sewing up the heart while it was pulsating. One stitch was sufficient to close the wound in the heart itself, three more did the work with the pericardium. Dr. Goodman sewed the skin together over the wound, and Ziff was put away to recover. He came out of the operation as rapidly as could have been expected, and except that the protection of the ribs over the heart will be missing, he is likely to be in no way the worse for his experience. He will leave the hospital in a few days.

Had the point of the knife gone a millimeter or so farther in Ziff never would have lived to get to the hospital, as the consequent hemorrhage would have been almost instantly fatal. The hospital authorities at first supposed from the nature and depth of the wound that he had been stabbed in a fight, and it was not until a day or two later that Ziff recovered sufficiently to tell them how he had been injured.

FREE FALLING.

Just Collapse, Drop Limply and You May Escape Serious Injury.

It was stated in a description of a recent aeroplane mishap that the aviator had time to clamber to the upper struts of his machine and that when the crash came he was practically unharmed, the landing wheels and lower part of the machine receiving and absorbing the shock.

Flying men, too, in the early days of aviation frequently leaped from falling machines and escaped with minor injuries. There is a knack in leaping and an art in falling, and athletes and aviators know both. It is to "fall free" and to offer no resistance or as little as possible.

It is not Providence that specially guards drunken men, and little children when they topple. They collapse, and as the muscles and sinews are not drawn taut and no resistance offered, but little damage and frequently none results. "This is one of a limp arm would need some force to be applied before it broke." A "resisting" arm would snap almost at once. In a fall all attempts to recover one's balance, if unsuccessful, mean greater damage. Let yourself collapse—fall limply—and you may escape serious injuries. It is the strain and wrench on muscles and sinews which make the bones snap.

Fall anyhow. Don't try to save yourself—and you will.—London Answers.

Never Had 'Em.

Old Dick was an old plantation dandy. He was rarely if ever sick, and he always claimed that it was his well-balanced diet. One day as he was walking down the street a local merchant, taking advantage of his ignorance, accosted him thus: "Dick, one of your best friends has just told me that you have ancestors of the worst sort."

"Now, look here, Cap'n Gwag, I don't want to hurt nobody, but I jes' want to know who dat man was wat tol' you, and I sho will go after him, 'cause he done gone and bait me. Mo get ancestors? Why, cap'n, that's as big a lie as was ever told. I never had nothin' in my life but the mumps and colds."—National Monthly.

The Telephone Pals.

The employee of a Polish girl who has learned quickly to speak English tells of her attempted mastery of the telephone. After its use was explained to her she was eager to answer every call. A ring came and she jumped to the phone. "Hello," came from the receiver. "Hello," answered the girl, flushed with pride at being able to give the proper answer. "Who is this?" continued the voice. "I don't know," exclaimed the maid. "I can't see you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

World's Longest Street.

In Scotland's "Siberia In Asia" is thus described what is called the longest street in the world: "Siberia was half jokingly described to me as a big village, the main street of which, extending from Nishul Norgored to Kankh-ta, was about 5,000 miles long, where there were always half a million horses on the road and where everybody knew everybody from one end of the street to the other."

Nothing New.

"Here's a fellow cuts a lump of coal on a bet." "Well, history mentions many cases of ostentatious extravagance. Cleopatra, you will remember, dissolved and swallowed a pearl."

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Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings, and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit which breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come what may, we will in life and death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, and they led the brave and free to victory and to glory.—Holt.

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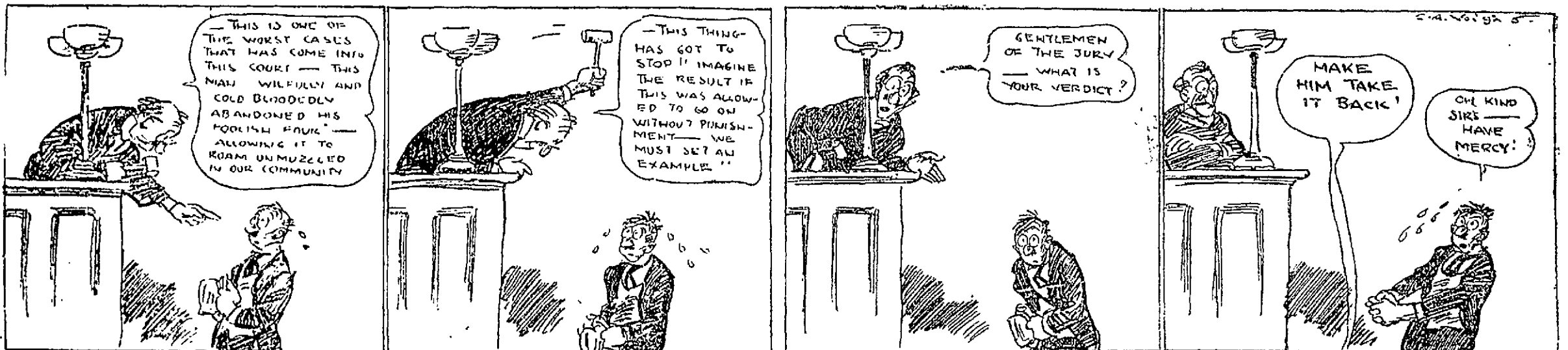
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By C. A. Voight.

PETEE—It's a Harsh Verdict, Mate, but Maybe He Deserves It



THE CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love

By CHEVALIER
WILLIAM LE QUEUX
Author of "THE CLOSED BOOK," etc.

Illustrations by C.D. RHODES

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"Ah, I regret, sir, that I cannot tell you that. The baron, her uncle, came here one day and took her away suddenly—abroad, I think."

"Had she no school friends to whom she would probably write?"

"There was a girl named Lethecourt—Marie Lethecourt—who was her friend, but who has also left."

"And no one else?" I asked. "Girls often write to each other after leaving school, until they get married, and then the correspondence usually ceases."

"The principal was silent and reflected."

"Well," she said at last, "there was another pupil who was also on friendly terms with Elma—a girl named Lydia Moreton. She may have written to her. If you really desire to know, sir, I dare say I could find her address. She left us about nine months after Elma."

"I should esteem it a great favor if you would give me that young lady's address," I said, whereupon she unlocked a drawer in her writing-table and took therefrom a thick, leather-bound book which she consulted for a few minutes, at last exclaiming:

"Yes, here it is—Lydia Moreton, daughter of Sir Hamilton Moreton, K. C., M. G., Whiston Grange, Dorchester."

"And with that I took my leave, thanking her, and returned to London."

"Could Lydia Moreton furnish any information?" I asked, and this girl who photograph had aroused the strange jealousy of the mysterious unknown."

"The ten o'clock Edinburgh express from Glasgow next morning took me up to Dorchester, and during my stay at the station, I drove three miles out of the town on the Rotherham road, finding Whiston Grange to be a fine old Elizabethan mansion in the center of a great park, with tall old twisted chimneys, and beautifully kept gardens."

"When I descended at the door and rang, the footman was not aware whether Miss Lydia was in. He looked at me somewhat suspiciously. I thought, until I gave him my card and impressed upon him mentally that I had come from London purposely to see his young mistress upon a very important matter."

"Tell her," I said, "that I wish to see her regarding her friend, Miss Elma Heath."

"Miss Elma Heath," repeated the man. "Very well, sir. Will you walk this way?"

I followed him across the big old oak-paneled hall, filled with trophies of the chase and arms of the civil wars, into a small paneled room on the left, the deepest window with its diamond panes giving out upon the old flower-garden and the flower garden beyond."

"Presently the door opened, and a tall, dark-haired girl in white entered with an inquiring expression upon her face as she halted and bowed to me."

"Miss Lydia Moreton, I believe?" I commenced, and as she replied in the affirmative, I went on: "I have first to apologize for coming to you, but Miss Lethecourt, the principal of the school at Chichester, referred me to you for information as to the present whereabouts of Miss Elma Heath, who, I believe, was one of your most intimate friends at school. And I added a few lines, saying: 'I am trying, on behalf of an aunt of hers, to discover her.'"

"Well," responded the girl, "I have only one or two letters. She's in her uncle's hands, I believe, and he won't let her write, poor girl. She's dreadfully leaving me."

"Why?"

"Ah! she would never say. She had some deep-rooted terror of her uncle, Baron Ober, who lived in St. Petersburg, and who came over at long intervals to see her. But possibly you know the whole story?"

"I know nothing," I cried eagerly. "You will be furthering her interests, as well as doing me a great personal favor, if you will tell me what you know."

"It is very little," she answered, leaning back against the edge of the table and regarding me seriously. "Poor Elma! Her people treated her very badly indeed. They sent her no money, and allowed her no holidays, and yet she was the sweetest-tempered and most patient girl in the whole school."

"Well—and the story regarding her?"

"It was supposed that her people at Durham did not exist," she explained. "Elma had evidently lived a greater part of her life abroad, for she could speak French and Italian better than the professor himself, and therefore always won the prizes. The class revolted, and then she did not complete any more. Yet she never told us of where she had lived when a child. She came from Durham, she said—that was all."

"You had a letter from her after the baron came and took her away?"

"Three or four, I think. They were all from places abroad. One was from Vienna, one was from Milan, and one from some place with an unpronounceable name in Hungary. The last—"

"Yes, the last!" I gasped eagerly, interrupting her.

"Well, the last I received only a fortnight ago. If you will wait a moment I will go and get it. It was so strange that I haven't destroyed it."

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mystery until it was all bewildering. Had it not been for the mystery of it all—and mystery over arouses the human curiosity—I should have given up trying to get at the truth. Yet as a man with some leisure, and knowing by that letter of Elma Heath's that she was in more distress, I redoubled my efforts to ascertain the reason of it all.

On leaving Loughorn I had given up all hope of tracing the mysterious yachtman and had left the matter in the hands of the Italian police. But, without any effort on my own part, I seemed to have been drawn into a veritable network of strange incidents, all of which combined to form the most complete and remarkable enigma ever presented in life.

Those September days were full of anxiety for me. Alone and unaided I was trying to solve one of the greatest of problems, plunged as I was in a veritable sea of mystery. I wanted to see Marie Lethecourt, and to question her further regarding Elma Heath. Therefore again I left Euston and, traveling through the night, took my seat at the breakfast table at Greenlaw next morning.

Sir George, who was sitting alone—it not being my aunt's habit to appear early—welcomed me, and then in his bluff manner sniffed and exclaimed:

"Nice folks on up at Rannoch! Have you heard of them?"

"No. What?" I cried breathlessly, starting at him.

"Well, it's a very funny story, and there are a dozen different distorted versions of it," he said. "But, from what I can gather the true facts are these: About seven o'clock the night before last, as Lethecourt and his house party were dressing for dinner, a telegram arrived. Mrs. Lethecourt opened it and at once went off into hysterics, while her husband, in a breathless hurry, slipped off his evening clothes again and put into an old blue serge suit, tossed a few things into a bag, and then went along to Marie's room to urge her to prepare for secret flight."

"Flight!" I gasped. "What, have they gone?"

"Listen, and I'll tell you. The servants have described the whole affair down in the village, so there's no doubt about it. Lethecourt showed Marie the telegram and urged her to fly. At first she refused, but for her father's sake was induced to prepare to accompany him. Of course, the guests were in ignorance of all this. The brougham was ordered to be ready in the stable yard and not to go round, while Mrs. Lethecourt's maid tried to bring the lady back to her senses. Lethecourt himself, it seemed, rushed hither and thither, seizing the jewel cases of his wife and daughter and whatever valuables he could place his hand upon, while the mother and daughter were putting on their things. As he rushed down the main staircase to the library, where his check book and some ready cash were locked in the safe, he met a stranger who had just been admitted and shown into the room. Lethecourt closed the door and faced him. What afterward transpired, however, is a mystery, for two hours later, after he and the two women had escaped, leaving the house party to their own diversions, the stranger was found locked in a large cupboard and insensible. The sensation was a tremendous one. Cowan, the doctor, was called, and declared that the stranger had been drugged and was suffering from some narcotic. The servant who admitted him declared that the man had said he had an appointment with his master and that no card was necessary. He, however, gave the name of Chatter."

"Chatter!" I cried, starting up. "Are you certain of that name?"

"I only know what Cowan told me," was my uncle's reply. "But do you know him?"

"Not at all. Only I've heard the name before," I said. "I know a man out in Italy of the same name. But where is the visitor now?"

"In the hospital at Dumfries. They took him there in preference to leaving him alone at Rannoch."

"Alone?"

"Of course. Everyone has left, how the host and hostess have slipped off without saying good-by. Scandalous affair, isn't it? But, my boy, you'll remember that I always said I didn't like those people. There's something mysterious about them, I feel certain. That telegram gave them warning of the visit of the man Chatter, depend upon it, and for some reason they're afraid of him. It would be interesting to know what transpired between the two men in the library. And these are people who've been taken up by everybody—mere adventurers, I should call them!"

And old Sir George again began again at thought of such scenes happening in the neighborhood. "If Elma must not Rannoch, then why in the name of Fortune doesn't he let it to respectable folk and not to the first fellow who answers his advertisement in the Field? It's simply disgraceful!"

"Certainly it is a most extraordinary story," I declared. "Lethecourt evidently wished to escape from his wife, and that's why he drugged him."

"Why he poisoned him, you mean. Cowan says the fellow is poisoned, but that he'll probably recover. He is already conscious, I hear."

I resolved to call on the doctor, who happened to be well known to me, and obtain further particulars. Therefore at eleven o'clock I drove into Dumfries and entered his consulting room.

It was a spare, short, fair man, a trifle bald, and when I was shown in he welcomed me warmly, speaking with his pronounced Galloway accent.

"Well, it is a very mysterious case," Mr. Gregg said, after I had told him the object of my visit. "The gentleman is still at the hospital, and I have to keep him very quiet. He was poisoned without a doubt and has had a very narrow escape of his life. The police got wind of the affair and Mackenzie called to question him. But he refused to make any statement what-

over, apparently treating the affair very lightly. The police, however, are mystified as to the reason of Mr. Lethecourt's sudden flight, and are very anxious to get at the bottom of the curious affair."

"Naturally. And more especially after the tragedy up in Rannoch wood a short time ago," I said.

"That's just it," said the doctor, removing his pipe and rubbing them. "Mackenzie seems to suspect some connection between Lethecourt's sudden disappearance and that mysterious affair. It seems very evident that the telegram was a warning to Lethecourt of the man Chatter's intention of calling, and that the last named was shown in just at the moment when the fugitive was on the point of leaving."

Knowing all that I did, I was not surprised. Lethecourt had undoubtedly taken him unawares, but knights of industry never betray each other.

My next visit was to Mackenzie, for whom I had to wait nearly an hour, as he was absent in another quarter of the town.

"Ah, Mr. Gregg!" he cried gladly, as he came in to find me seated in a chair patiently reading the newspaper. "You are the very person I wish to see. Have you heard of this strange affair at Rannoch?"

"I have," was my answer. "Has the man in the hospital made any statement yet?"

"None. He refuses point blank," answered the detective. "But my own idea is that this affair has a very close connection with the two mysteries of the wood."

"The first mystery—that of the man—proves to be a double mystery," I said.

"How? Explain it."

"Well, the waiter Olimo Santini is alive and well in London."

"What!" he gasped, starting up. "Then he is not the person you identified him to be?"

"No. But he was masquerading as Santini—made up to resemble him. I mean, even to the mole upon his face."

"But you identified him positively?"

"When a person is dead it is very easy to mistake countenances. Death alters the countenance so very much."

"That's true," he said reflectively. "But if the man we've buried is not the Italian, then the mystery is considerably increased. Why was the real man's wife here?"

"And where has her body been concealed? That's the question."

"Again a mystery. We have made a thorough search for four days, without discovering any trace of it. Quite confidentially, I'm wondering if this man Chatter knows anything. It is curious, to say the least, that the Lethecourts should have fled so hurriedly on this man's appearance. But have you actually seen Olimo Santini?"

"Yes, and have spoken with him."

"I went up to London asking that inquiries should be made at the restaurant in Bayswater, but up to the present I have received no report."

"I have chatted with Olimo. His wife has mysteriously disappeared, but he is in ignorance that she is dead."

"There is widespread conspiracy here, depend upon it, Mr. Gregg. It will be an interesting case when we

must remain in ignorance of my presence, or of my knowledge. Therefore I stayed for a week at Greenlaw with eyes and ears open, yet exercising care that the patient in the hospital should be unaware of my presence."

The inquiry into the death of the unidentified man in Rannoch wood had been resumed and a verdict returned of wilful murder against some person unknown, while of the second crime the public had no knowledge, for the body was not discovered. Chatter, as soon as he recovered, left the hospital and went south—to London, I ascertained—leaving the police utterly in the dark and filled with suspicion of the fugitives from Rannoch."

One day I called at the castle, the front entrance of which I found closed. Elma, the owner, had come up from London and discharged all the late tenant's servants, keeping on only his own. Ann Cameron, a housemaid, was one of these, and it was she whom I met when entering by the servants' hall.

On questioning her, I found her most willing to describe how she was in the corridor outside the young mistress' room when Mr. Lethecourt dashed along in breathless haste with the telegram in his hand. She heard him cry, "Look at this! Read it, Marie! We must go. Put on your things at once, my dear. Never mind about luggage. Every minute lost is of consequence. What!" he cried a moment later. "You won't go? You'll stay here—stay here and face them? Good—good—good! girl, are you mad? Don't you know what this means? It means that the secret is out—the secret is out, you hear? You must fly!"

The woman told me that she distinctly heard Miss Marie sobbing, and her father walked up and down the room speaking rapidly in a low voice. Then he came out again and returned to his dressing room, while the maid, but

